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LEHIGH BURR

"PASSING" NUMBER

DING - DING - DING

Hello!
Hello!

is this Mr. Burr!

YES, YOU HAVE

The
Wrong
Number

Coming Out Next Month

GIVE ME A RING

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CIGARETTE

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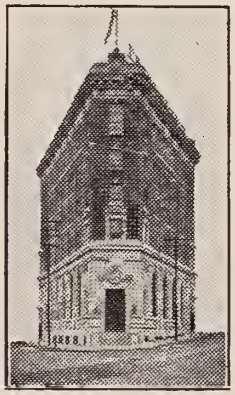

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Page, Caesar.

An Irishman and his wife were at the theater for the first time. The wife noticed the word "Asbestos" printed on the curtain.

"Faith, Pat, and what does Asbestos on the curtain mean?"

"Be still, Mag, don't show your ignorance. That is Latin for 'Welcome'."—*Beanpot.*

Value of Economics

Zene: "Lend me four bits, will ya?"

Ben: "Only got forty cents in change."

Zene: "Well, gimme that, and you can owe me the other dime."—*Purple Parrot.*

"Johnny, I'm afraid I will not see you in heaven," said the father to his errant son.

"Why, what have you been doing now, Pop?"—*Tar Baby.*

"Oh, Arthur, quick! There's a horrid crawling thing on the ceiling!"

He (*absent-mindedly*): "Never mind, dear, just step on it."—*Goblin.*

Mae: "I call him my Bermuda onion."

June: "Yes?"

Mae: "He is so big and strong."—*Wasp.*

Dad (*reading son's letter*): "Oswald says he is now playing the traps in the Tech orchestra."

Anxious Mother: "Dear me! I just know he'll catch his fingers in them."—*Voo Doo.*

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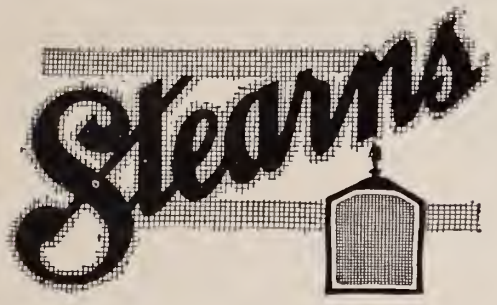

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FINCHLEY

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NEW YORK

SPEAKING OF THE CAT'S PAJAMAS

HERE'S HOPIN'

When the mid-night oil burneth,
  And the boys begin to cram;
When the good-luck whiskers flourish,
  And the girlies get the can.

When the profs become annoying,
  And the time is getting short;
When we see what we must cover,
  And are feeling out of sorts.

When we see these signs a-showing,
  Around this time of year;
There is only but one reason,—
  That is, exams are here.

So get in there now, dear brothers,
  Make the pencils fume and smoke;
So at the final reckoning,
  We'll all be here, I hope.

A HEALTHY ONE

Old Woman: "What's that stuff scattered all over the ground?"

Farmer: "Fertilizer, madam."

Old Woman: "For the land's sake!"

Farmer: "Yes, ma'am."

THE CANADIAN VERSION

Sing a song of sixpence,
A suit-case full of rye;
Four and twenty Yankees,
Awful, awful dry.

When the case was opened
They all began to sing,—
"To hell with prohibition;
God save the King."

Jones returned home unexpectedly one morning and found his wife's Irish washer-woman the only occupant of the house.

"Do you know anything of my wife's whereabouts?" he asked the queen of the tub.

"Faith, an' oih don't, Mister Jones. There's nary a sign of them in the wash this week."

IT'S ONLY PROPER

Chap (*in hotel*): "Can I have a private bath?"
Clerk: "Well—I hope so."

IT WOOD HELP

As the fair damsel truly said as she watched the great big athlete contesting in the pole-vault event, "Just think how much higher he could go if he didn't have to carry the big long stick."

"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as the farmer crossed the barnyard.

BEING CAREFUL

"Uncle Pete, how old are you?"

"I'm close to a hundred, son," said the town's oldest inhabitant.

"Been using tobacco all your life, haven't you?"

"No, son. Up to the time I was ten years old I'd never had a chew in my mouth."

HOW FOOLISH!

Son: "Mama, why has papa no hair?"
Mama: "Because he thinks so much, my dear."
Son: "But why do you have so much?"
Mama: "Go and do your lessons, you bad boy."

"Just one more glass, boys, and we'll all go home," said the dishwasher as he laid down the soap.

THE AWAKENING

Farmer Brown in a field,
Farmer Brown planting peas,
Airship flies overhead,
Farmer Brown looks and sees.

Farmer Brown in a field,
Farmer Brown planting peas,
Small baloon flies overhead,
Farmer Brown looks and sees.

Farmer Brown goes back home,
Tells his wife when he sups,
"Never knew before to-day
That airplanes had pups."

Big Boy: "'Lo."
Little Fellow: "Hi."

"Every day in every 'weigh' I'm getting better and better."

Soph: "Madge is quite a mystery girl."
Fresh: "Howzat?"
Soph: "Well, she always keeps a chap in the dark."

AN ODORIFEROUS ONE

Doctor (*noticing squalling picanniny on floor*): "Mrs. Johnson, that baby is spoiled, isn't he?"

Mrs. Jay: "No, sah, Doctor; all niggah babies smells dat way."

What is so rare as a drunk in tune?

Milly: "Is your friend a well-posted man?"

Silly: "What do you mean well-posted? Why, say kid; I don't believe he knows a single side road in the whole country."

MUSICALLY INCLINED

Prof.: "Why didn't you come to class to-day? You missed my lecture on 'appendicitis'."

She: "Oh, I'm so tired of these organ recitals."

HOW FORGETFUL!

Alice: "Have you written to that wonderful young man you became engaged to at Atlantic City?"

Virginia: "I've intended to all along, but I can't think of her name."

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE

It happened at a rehearsal. The young lady was getting her first try-out to sing in the show. That she was very nervous was easily seen by her actions. She would shift her weight, first from one foot, then to the other, and would register an intense nervous strain while the director was impatiently waiting for her to start. Finally he could stand it no longer. "Say, what are you going to do; sing or jump?" he bellowed.

"I'm going to sing," she answered, and with that she began to shout. The director listened for a minute or two and then held up his hand as a signal of distress.

"Stop," he said, shaking his head hopelessly. "It's no use. I guess you'd better jump."

MY, HOW STRONG!

Lady: "Is your limburger cheese good to-day?"

Grocer: "Madam, it's unapproachable."

As the farmer said, "No matter how hungry my horse is, he won't eat a bit."

TREASURE EYE-LAND

THERE'S NO DOUBT

Annabell: "What are you thinking about?"

Calimel: "Just what you're thinking about."

Annabell: "If you do, I'll scream."

PASSING OUT WITH THE OLD YEAR

"Yesh, I wanted to be Antony, m' wife wanted to be Cleopatra, then I decided to be Napoleon, then my wife decided to be Josephine; y' understan'."

"Uh-hic."

"But I fooled her; I'm Henry the 8th."

Pddunt Town

U. S. Mail, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find two cents in coin and a stamped envelope for which please send me a two-cent stamp. Thanking you in advance, I am

Patriotically yours,

John Camel Walker, Postmaster.

THE EVIDENCE

Irate Parent: "Where were you last night?"

Wayward Son: "Oh, out with a couple of fellows."

Irate Parent: "Well, you tell those fellows not to leave their hair-pins in the car."

"Vinegar needs its mother like Champagne needs its pop."

THE LEHIGH BURR

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VOL. XXXIII. JANUARY, 1923. NUMBER FOUR

Published monthly by the students of Lehigh University. Subscription, two dollars and a half. Single copies, thirty cents. Address communications to the Editor, Bethlehem, Pa. All business communications to Richard M. Graff, Chi Psi House, University Campus. Entered at the Bethlehem, Pa., Post Office as second-class matter.

THIS is the Passing Number. We hope that it will get by the customers and that it will ooze forth a little merriment in doing so. Some folk may wonder if we are flattering ourselves by calling this a passing number. Not entirely, gentle reader, do we consider the name in that light, but however, we have a sneaking feeling that we are hoping that you will regard its contents along those favorable lines. But getting away from these mercenary pleas and apologies, the real reason for giving these pages this suggestive title is simply this and nothing more, as the Ravin(g) Poe(t) would say. This issue, unfortunately comes out at the time of the year at which all colleges and universities get inflicted with that dreadful disease which is known as "Exama". This is a very serious disease and causes many of the inmates of these learned institutions to take the count. We, however, are quite confident and feel that these exams are only passing numbers, and we are sure that many will pass them or else will pass out of college. Thus we call it the Passing Number.

Besides passing exams, other things are passing before us. For instance, 1922 has passed away, leaving with us good, bad or indifferent sensations. Many other things, such as jokes, shows, stories, poems, girls, styles, etc., are all taking the air and are surely worth a passing glance or thought. So it is, with all these passing activities, we think, only fitting that we devote this issue to the whole works, and in its pages summarize for you in a funny way a few of which, in our opinion, are passing numbers.

GIRLS. Girls. Girls. The management of this here paper wishes me to announce that the March issue of the *Lehigh Burr* will be entirely devoted to the talents of the ladies. The entire contents is opened to any one of the fairer sex who wishes to compete, but the management hopes that those young ladies who are attending the various schools and colleges at the present time will show special interest in its success.

This number will be known as the Girlish Number and will blossom forth about the Ides of March. All contributions appearing in this issue will be accompanied by the initials of the successful competitor, together with her school or ccessful competitor, together with her school or college and class. The best cover, the best penand ink sketch, and the best text contribution, w ill each receive a Burr Charm (14 carrots, by theway) and one year's subscription to the paper.

All contributions must be sent to the Editor-in-Chief. Cover contributions and pen and ink sketches must be in by February the 20th, and all text contributions by February 25th. Cover designs must be done in black and white. A tracing may be made upon which the colors desired may be indicated. The sketches may be of any size, but must be in black India ink on white paper. Text contributions shall not be too serious. Clever jokes, funny poems, rediculous stories, in fact anything hinging on the humorous is what is desired. Of course, all contributions should be as original as possible. Any information that may be desired concerning the above, feel free to address the Editor.

WE are pleased to announce with this issue those that have been successful in our recent competition, which closed with the last number. These men have proven themselves capable, and by their interest and work for the *Burr* are well deserving of places upon Burro's staff.

The following wielders of the pen and brush have been elected to the Art Staff: A. G. Stott '25, W. B. Chambers '26, A. P. Di Giulian '23, L. P. Cottman '26, B. W. Poor '26.

These joksters, poets and droll-writers have acquired berths on the Editorial Staff: S. M. Larkin '23, E. T. Adams '24, R. W. Lee '25, G. A. Huggins '24, R. Tonking '24.

These currency-catchers have been taken on the Business Staff: J. M. Uncles '25, P. N. Senior '25, L. A. P. Williams '25, W. R. Smith '25.

CONTRIBUTORS

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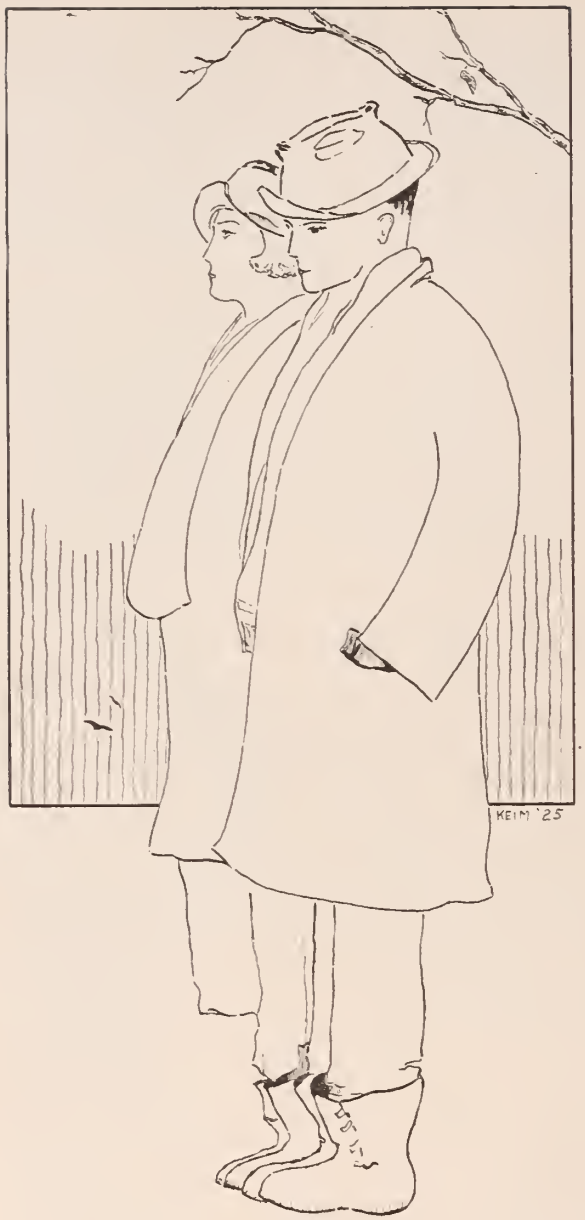


He: "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

She: "Yes, I had the chair next to yours at the barber's yesterday."

A CLOSE SHAVE

The boy stood on the railroad track,
  The engine gave a squeel;
The fireman stepped down from the cab—
  And scraped him off the wheel.

JUST A TICKLE

On a mule we find
Two legs behind
  And two we find before;
When we tickle behind,
Before we find
  What the two behind be for.

To leave an umbrella in the vestibule of a church is a sure test of Christian faith.

A BED-TIME STORY

Once upon a time there was a number of cattle grazing in the field and this field was situated on a high plateau, and at the edge of this plateau there was a great drop.

Now, these little bulls and cows got to playing. Well, while they were playing they slowly neared the precipice at the edge of this great field. Now, it so happens that as they were fooling they got to pushing each other around; and you know this isn't a very nice thing for bulls and cows to do anyhow; well, they got to pushing anyway, and it got rougher and rougher until one little bull who had strayed into the frolic got pushed very ungentlemanly over this great abyss. Now, this caused a great commotion among the other bulls and cows and they all hurried over to the edge to see what had happened. Well, as they stood there and saw the little bull falling, down and down and down, and then finally to see the great big earth come up and sort of meet him, there was a great noise below, and then the big cow said to the big bull, as they looked down into nowhere and saw nothing, "My, but a little bull goes a long way." With this they all frolicked off to have a powerfully good time among the garlic patches.

Now, little boysies and girlies, the moral of this story is, "Never run after a street-car, for both ends will stop."

EXTRACT FROM A FATHER'S LETTER

Dear Son:—

Had a letter saying you flunked calsulas. Is it serious?

THE SNAKE

HOW GREEDY!

A man named Du Bose met a girl
Who lisped through her teeth of pure pearl;
"I'll hug you or kiss you," he swore with an oath.
She cried with surprise—"Oh! Mr. Du Both."

WHAT A NOIVE!

Lady (*to clerk in music shop*): "I want some of the latest songs."

Clerk: "Sorry, lady; we are all out of them but 'Can I Give You A Great Big Kiss'."

Lady: "Sir!"

OH, FOR LAW'S SAKE!

Cop: "You know that swell little queen who whizzes by here in her runabout, an—."

Officer: "Yep. Want to pinch her?"

Cop: "No, no, merely squeeze her."

He: "Whenever I go to see Mary, it's a gain for me — but for her a 'net loss'."

GOLOSHED

When "goloshed" my Julia goes
Unbuckled all from tip to toes,—
Then (me thinks), how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.
(Oh, how the poem turneth prose),
And when I cast mine eyes, and see
Those buckles flopping bright and free,
Oh how that flopping floppeth me.

LESSONS IN DANCING

(Short Course)

The correct dancing position of the 1923 contestants is to place your left foot on your partner's right foot, holding your right arm at the acute angle of 45 degrees Centegrade and your left arm at about a minus 25 degrees Fahrenheit, thereby supporting partner in a dancing-like fashion, then proceed at your own risk. Repeat this hold at irregular intervals and hold your watch. If your partner makes an outcry, modestly thank her for her encouragement and the punishment she has taken, then hie yourself to one of the pillars and be yourself.

"You wouldn't look into what I sold you," says the keeper of the book-store as he buys back the books of the "busted".

"Why did you drop Jim?"

"I'm not going to wear my 1923 clothes in his old '22 car."

IN SOME RESPECTS

Landlady (*looking in cup of coffee*): "Looks like rain to-day, doesn't it?"

Boarder (*looking at coffee*): "Yes, but it smells like coffee."

THIS WAY OUT

Teacher: "Johnny, give me a sentence having horse and corn in it."

Johnny: "We give our horse corn at noon, and by night he has his cornet."

"That's me all ever, Mabel," said the poison ivy as the girl with the swollen face went by.

POOR OSCAR

Oscar McNasty,
  Unlucky guy,
A coffee spoon
  Put out his eye.

NOTICE!

The Bureau of Explanation attached to our Joke Department has been literally flooded with questions here of late. Among the many who have been seeking the light on some of our jokes, one ignorant Rajah had the noive to ask where he could obtain a "Poetic License", as it was getting past the first of the year and he thought it would be safer to obtain one as soon as possible so he could carry it with him, in case he was stopped by a policeman.

HEARD IN DYE HOUSE

Foreman: "And in that large room in the rear we have several dyeing vats."

Lady Visitor: "Oh, isn't that a shame. And can't you do a thing for them?"

TIME

The clock struck nine, I looked at her,
  (Her lips were rosy red).
"At a quarter after nine, I mean
  To steal a kiss," I said.
She cast a roguish glance at me.
  Then whispered very low,
"I hope you understand that clock
  Is fifteen minutes slow."

POE'S RAVIN(G)

How distinctly I remember, late one evening last November,
I was sitting on a barrel that the moonlight gloated o'er —
'Twas an empty cider barrel, and was useful now no more —
Worthless, now, forever more.

As a few lone stars were blinking, I betook myself to thinking,
And I thought of that old raven Edgar Poe has told about —
That was quite a high old raven Mr. Poe has told about.
I kept thinking, thinking, thinking, as those stars kept blinking, blinking,
And the more I thought about it, I was more and more in doubt;
Edgar's logic knocked me out.

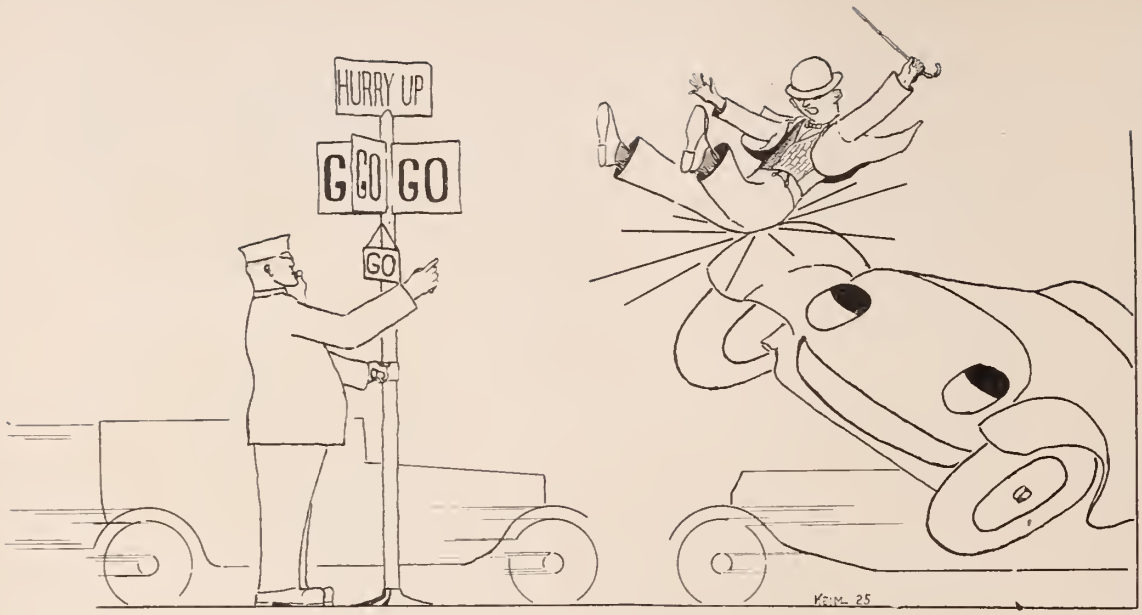
And I found no explanation to that curious situation —
Here's the lamp upon the table and the raven on the door,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming threw his shadow on the floor.
Think of where the lamp was sitting and you cannot help admitting,
'Twas an awful crooked shadow to have ever reached the floor,
'Twas a hump-backed, cross-eyed shadow if it ever saw the floor.

So I sought a clear solution to that shadow's dire confusion,
And my only strong conclusion was that Edgar had the snakes;
I am sure he had been drinking and he must have had the snakes.
So perhaps the raven, sitting on the cornice, never flitting,
With his fiery eyes burning into Edgar's bosom core,
Was the whiskey he'd been drinking just before he fell to thinking of his love-
It was bug juice, evermore. [ly lost Lenore.

Or perhaps the maiden, deeming such a fellow too demeaning,
Had preferred to share the fortunes of the friends who'd gone before;
Maybe he disgraced and slighted till she felt her life was blighted,
And her lonely soul, benighted, wandered to a fairer shore.
Maybe Edgar's drinking killed her, as it has killed girls before.
It was bourbon, evermore.

Get most anybody frisky on a quart or two of whiskey,
And he'd think he saw some shadows or some ravens or some floors,
And the lamps would get befuddled and the shadows awful muddled,
And he'd see one crazy raven perched on forty-'leven doors;
And he wouldn't know a shutter from a dozen lost Lenores.

It is my profound opinion that if Poe had kept dominion
O'er his brains and o'er his reason, as they used to be of yore —
That if he had been less frisky and had guzzled down less whiskey,
He'd have never seen that raven on the bust above the door,
Very likely that same evening he'd been on a bust before,
And got sober — nevermore.



The Cop: "Hey. Look out, now, so you don't get hurt."

"SAM SENDS HIS LOVE"

On a trip through the South one of our contributors came across the following negro love-letter: —

My dear Miss Kate: —

When the grim hand of the dial fell like a flap-jack upon the unsuspected hour of four-thirty yesterday your letter unfolded itself like a beautiful panorama before my delightful vision, transfixed my soul with joy and gladness unspeakable, saturated my black hair in a multitude of blushes, and gave me a sneaking sense of magnitude and importance. It rattled the ten-pin balls of agitation down the alley-way of my affections and knocked the stakes of solid indifference into the middle of the most diabolical hereafter. It pried the set forms of "I don't care a dang" if you care for me or not and filled my unpoetical soul with unalterable longings, longings of a ineffable nature; but why raise such a smoke in burning the old rotten rail-fence that incloses my heart, for already you gravitate to the conception or to be more explicit, hump yourself upon the air of pious meditation and stem the currents of my remarks, suffice it to say that when I drink from the beer-glass of love and read your name inscribed in the bottom thereof, it produces an intoxicating exhileration of the most exasperating insubordination not previously experienced in any ordinary inebriation, but let me calm myself and talk English for one moment. When I read that the angel of death hovered over the downy couch upon which rested the beautiful and sylph-like figure of the Kate of my affections, tear-drops of misery dashed against the window-panes of my soul and from the remotest recesses of my premises there broke upon the mid-night gloom the wail of wretchedness and despair.

Yours for keeps,

Sam.

SOMETHIN' AWFUL

Well, well, the way these college chaps
Go runnin' 'round without no caps,
Nor nothin', on their heads, and pants
Rolled up to nigh their knees, by Gantz,
Is somethin' awful.

The way they exercise and play
Their games on every pleasant day,
A-sweatin' like a measly Turk,
Yet never doin' honest work,
Is somethin' awful.

But then I hear professors stern
Do nothin' else but make them learn.
Sure, that's enough to give them fits
And make them almost lose their wits,
It's somethin' awful.

But say! —
If colleges were picked right up
And socked—kersplash—into the sea,
And college fellers and their stunts
Just weren't and couldn't be.
That *would* be somethin' awful.

He: "There is something wrong with the present-day marriage."
She: "How is that?"
He: "The best man doesn't get the bride."

She: "Do you think of me often?"
He: "You're in my mind always."
She: "Oh. You make me feel so small."

QUITE TRUE

Anthry: "Don't you think Smith was a fool for committing suicide?"
Cite: "Yes; it's about the last thing I'd do."

JUST CAN'T HELP IT

The large mazda was burning full force as the Prohibition Officer entered into its glare. "S'no use," sighed the powerful bulb to the officer, "No matter how hard I resist the juice I always get lit up."

IT'S LOGICAL

Father: "Son, I don't want you to go around with the girl any more. She has the reputation of being wild."
Son: "Why, father; she's not wild at all; I can get quite close to her."

NABISCO'S ROMANCE

By the shores of Coca-Cola,
Near the sparkling Pluto waters,
Stood the lodge of old Nabisco,
Son of Choc-o-pic and Crisco,
Grandson of the great Victrola.
Chief Nabisco's shack was snappy,
Valspar on the floors and uprights,
Beaver boards on walls and ceilings,
With a New Perfection oil stove,
Made for heating it in winter.

Chief Nabisco loved Sacony,
Boston Garter's girl, Sacony,
Priestess of the tribe Venida,
Fairest of the hair-net maidens,
When she wore her Tintex glasses.
With his Overland he wooed her,
Wooed her with his Timkon bearings,
But Nabisco wasn't lucky,
For she said she loved Odorono.
(Odorono drove a Packard.)

Oh, the cruel one, Odorono,
Oh, the wicked Odorono.
On the lodge of our Nabisco
Be poured Betholine by gallons,
Lit it with his safety matches,
Watched Nabisco's shanty burning.
How Nabisco used his Fire Gun,
Sprinkled it with water freely,
Tried to stop his shack from burning,
But his shack got full of holes.

Then Nabisco, very angry,—
Fought with Odorono's yeggmen,
Fought with them with gun and slap-jack.
Finally when they got hungry,
With his Cliguet Club he held them.
Many things he spoofed Sacony,
Told her of the tribes he conquered,
Oh, the awful line he slung her.
Said he'd build a lodge of Sheet-Rock,
Positively, strictly fire-proof.

On the shores of Coca-Cola,
Near the sparkling Pluto waters,
Dwells Nabisco and Sacony
In a cozy sheet-rock shanty.
But the winter is upon them
And they haven't any oil-stove.
They are thinking that their love will
Furnish warmth and lots of comfort.

* * * *

So they live, and you are saying,
Are they happy? I'll bite. Are they?

Flo: "Don't you love moonlight nights?"
Joe: "No, dearie, sometimes I stay at home."

THE WRONG GUY

"Coly"flower (*to a frosh who has just picked up her handkerchief*): "Thanks; but if I should drop it again don't bother, it wasn't you I meant it for."

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

He: "You are the sunshine of my life,
(Don't think I'm getting smart).
I want you for my own sweet wife;
We shall not reign apart."

She: "Don't think I'm such a demure miss,
To believe all that, dear Mort;
But what I want to know; is this
A proposal or a weather report."

COMMON LAW

The flatter the plate, the fewer the soup.

NO DOUBT

"I suppose Robert will be looking for a Ph. D. next."

"No. Probably a J. O. B."

WAGES ARE FALLING

A. Toiler: "He's an awful bird to work for."

B. Toiler: "How come?"

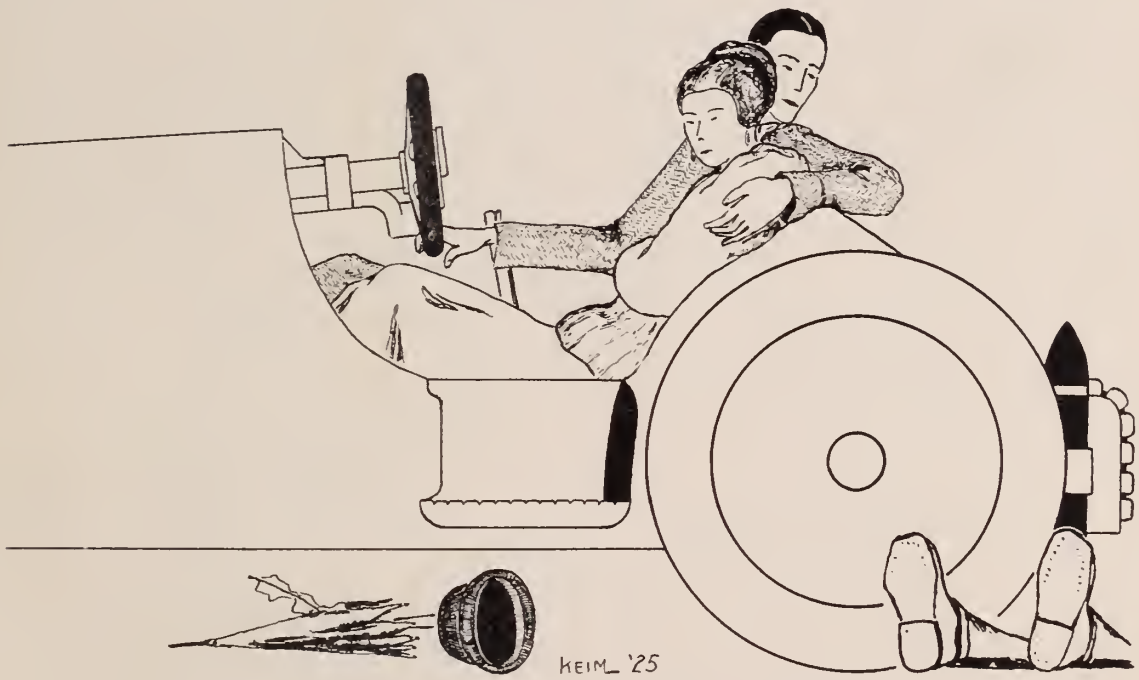
A. Toiler: "Why I was working on the fourth story of a building laying bricks with Pat, and Pat fell — and that bird started to dock him before he reached the third story on the way down."

TIME OUT

If a body spy a body
Blushing in the face,
When looking at his time-piece;
There's a woman in the case.

HERE'S THE DOPE

Gather your kisses while you may,
Time brings only sorrow;
For the girls who are so free to-day
Are chaperons of to-morrow.



Reckless Reggie: "That reminds me, I'll have to get the car greased up to-morrow."

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

BURRO SUGGESTS—

That Xmas Hall be put in the Trophy Room, and a new one be put in its place.

That the swinging doors be removed from Coppée Hall as they are very suggestive to the young collegians.

MEALS WITH HIS MUSIC

Customer: "Do you ever play anything by request?"

Musician: "Certainly, sir."

Customer: "Then I wonder if you'd play solitaire until I've finished my lunch."

AN INTRUDER

Bad man—likes to chat,
Chews gum—name's Pat.

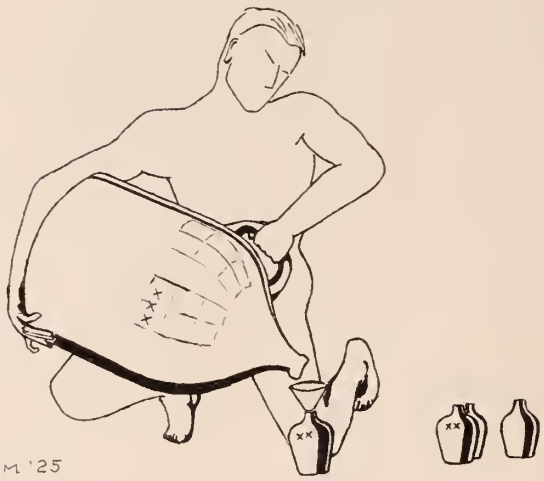
Nice girl—cheeks red,
Pretty curls—nuff said.

Pat enters—gets book,
Sees girl—meaning look.

Talks loud—laughs long,
Tells story—sings song.

Hears 'em cough—sees 'em stare,
Pat should worry—not a care.

Having a good time—not a doubt;
Gosh, I wish—they'd throw him out.



Rudolph Bananine, in his stirring new drama "Viva La Cuba," pronounced by Walter Camp to be the greatest photo-drama ever exhibited south of Argentine.

A PROSPECTUS

During the recent psychological examination for the Freshmen, the class came through with flying colors—100 per cent. dumb—with the exception of two business students and one engineer. These three will flunk out at mid-years, so that we will have a class of unprecedented inability. In order that some prospective freshmen of the coming year might have advance dope on the examination, so that all results are not zeros; we offer the following:—

RULE I.—If you start this examination too soon, extra time will be allotted you to finish it.

RULE II.—Cribbing will be at a minimum, as bright students write very poorly.

RULE III.—Read the entire paper through carefully seven (lucky number) times before you begin to write. Then start answering the last, first in pairs of threes for the first fourteen questions, from there on use your own judgment, remembering the "Maine".

QUESTIONS

1.—Name and illustrate the shades of white.

2.—How far is up?

3.—Is a circle always larger than an eclipse?

4.—Which has the clearest meaning, *some* or *any?*

5.—How many legs has a tripod?

6.—Why not tell the truth?

7.—What is necessary in a well-equipped engine-room?

8.—Explain in detail the phrase, "The higher the fewer."

9.—Derive Murphy's Law concerning the last drop.

10.—Do you study to stay in college, or stay in college to study?

11.—Where is Grover Bergdoll?

12.—Which was the more serious operation: Lansing, Michigan, or Wheeling, West Virginia, across the Ohio?

13.—If indigo makes water blue, what makes Yucatan?

14.—Explain and illustrate without using a pencil or pen the question which does not follow this one.

(*Note*).—Duplicate copies should be made of this examination and then the original should be carefully deposited in the waste-paper basket, using great pains to arrange them alphabetically while so doing, then, taking the duplicate between the thumb and forefinger of both hands, you shall tear it into small particles, but before doing this be sure and ascertain that you have duly signed the pledge.

THE FLUNK'S PROGRESS

Takes a car,
Not too far,
Half an hour,
By the tower.
Meets a winner,
Then for dinner,
Sees the shows,
Money goes;
Supper now
In a row,
Then, you know,
"She" must go.
Leaves him there
On the square.
Clock strikes one,
Last car's gone;
Do not wait,
Catch a freight,
From Allenstadt.
Student got
Twenty-three
From the "she".
In the morn
He's forlorn,
Any. Mach.
Put him back.
Home he goes,
Sweet repose,
All he knows.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill.

NO COMPRENEZ

Jean paused—I said,
"Quo voulezz vous?"
She smiled and lisped,
"How nice of you."
I tried again,
"Comme ce, comme ca."
She blushed and shrieked,
"I'll tell my ma."

VERY RARE

Customer: "I'd like to see a good second-hand car."

Salesman: "So would I."

IN AND ABOUT TOWN

G. Hampton of the "Rainyday" Farms said that he has lost all faith in the good book. He says he put great faith in the "spirits" up to the time he planted the hops in his back yard with the expectations of going in the home-brew business, but since the crop failed hi mhe guessed that they didn't grow in this section of the country.

The All-Sinners Quoit Team challenges all comers to a horseshoe pitching contest. This team is composed of the older men in town, but they haven't had much experience in the art. They are desirous of new blood in the organization and urge all the young men of the vicinity who have had at least twenty years' experience to come out for the club. See Judas Escariot, Box 13.

Cyrus Brown has bought a new Ford Cdan with red lining.

A railroad train stopped here yesterday. It slipped off the track at the crossing.

Wider Jones has three handsome young men on the string, but she refuses to divulge the names of the unfortunates, owing to the keen competition of the locality.

Three people were at the prayer meeting last Wednesday. Keep up the good work.

A corn crib on Jim Hawkins's farm burned down the other night. The volunteer department had a get-together at the fire. Unfortunately some ignorant person had the gasoline put into the chemical tank instead of the proper place so that the apparatus had a narrow escape from catching fire also.

The general store has received a new supply of chew tobacco recently.

Mr. Sam Mule who has seen much of the world as a soldier of fortune, observed the other day that the only difference between a coal strike and a gold strike is that there is no incentive to work during the former.

Andy Maginnes's rich uncle died last week. Andy said he knew that it would happen sooner or later.

There will be a meeting of those interested in the higher studies at the school-house next Saturday night. Among the attractions will be a debate on the subject, Integral Calculus vs. Horse Sense.

GET THE SLIDE-RULE

Capt.: "Well, how many fathoms?"

Mate: "I can't touch bottom yet, sir."

Capt.: "Dammit man, how near do you come?"

AH, THE DECEIT!

The game warden of the Cross Roads says the boys who have been spearing fish through the ice in the canal, report that the fish are unusually wild this year. It is said that the fish have become all the more shy, due to the attempted deception of some sportsmen who feigned to stroke them on the back a bit before striking.

IN THE NICK OF TIME

Tramp: "Your dog just bit a piece out of my leg, Mum."

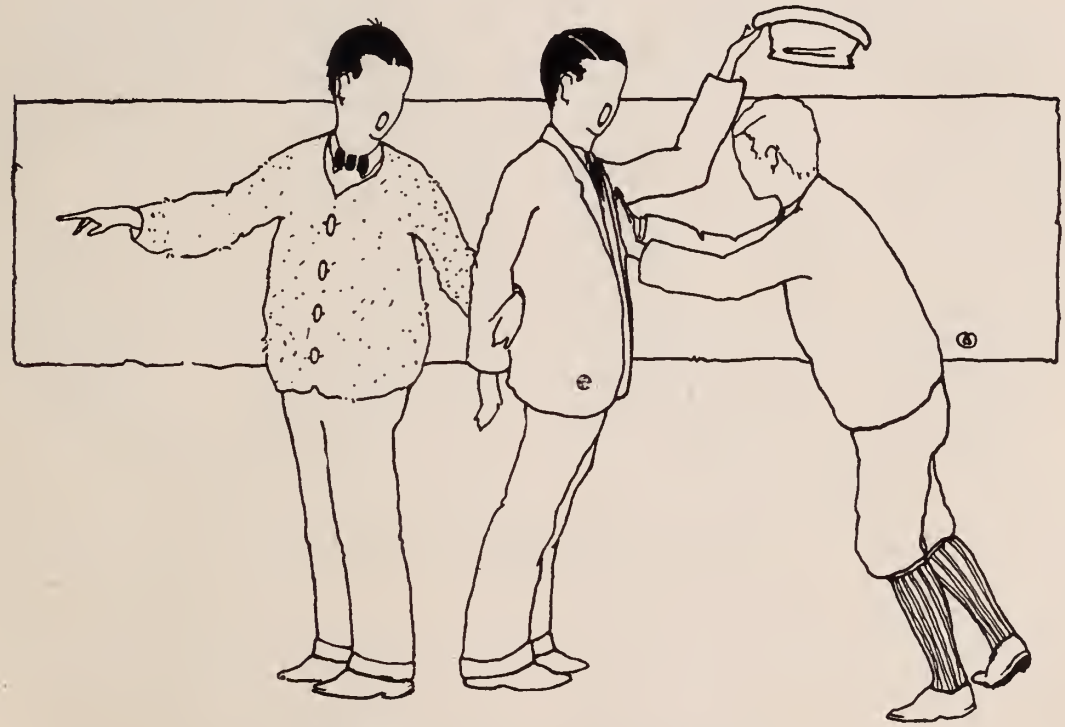
Woman: "Glad you mentioned it, I was just going to feed him."

Joe Salem, ex-ship's cook, retired, works for a society matron in Texas. Just before a big party, Joe took sick. The matron sent for a doctor.

Asked the doctor, "What ails you?"

"Nothing," replied Joe, "the missus owes me fifty bucks, and I won't get out of bed till she pays me."

"Move over," said the doctor, "she owes me one hundred."—*Our Navy.*



HOORAY, I'M AN ALUMNUS!

THREE REASONS WHY WE FLUNK

THE FABLE OF THE FICKIE FILBERT

With Profuse Apologies to George Ade.

There was once. A Little Boy with Raven Locks. Who had all the Girls in his Class. Slipping Notes across the Aisle to him. And all the Notes were signed with a lot of "X's". And "S. W. A. K.'s" — Even with Teacher he was Batting over Three Hundred. And he often Stayed after School. To wash the Blackboards for her. Even then. He had a Hunch. How strong he was with the Ladies. So he always kept his Face clean. And never wore Corduroy pants. Nor Flannel shirts. Nor Gouloshes. He early discovered that his Smile. And a straight Part through the middle of his Hat Rack. Would get him by an Arithmetic Lesson. Or a Spelling Class. Better than Two Hours' Work.

A few Years later. When he left for College. For new Worlds to conquer. All of the High School Sororities. And the Sunshine Sewing Circle. Went to the Station in a Body. And saw him off. — While still a Freshman. He held the Record for Manicured finger-nails. And Sorority Pins. At every House Party he was the Best Bet. In the Fox Trot. And Camel Walk. And in the far Corner by the Stairs. It was a safe Bet. That Raven Locks was serving the Punch. To some unsuspecting "H. P. Q.'s."

Studies never bothered him. They served only as an Excuse. For getting away early. From a bad date. — Nine years later. The Faculty thought Dad had spent enough Money. And they gave Son a more or less Honorable Discharge.

In Business. Raven Locks was a Frost. With Everyone. But the Stenographers. Who tried to arrange their Lunch Hours so as to meet him in the Elevator. Business meant Work. So he quit cold. And went on the Stage.

He tripped the gay Fantastic. As one of the Gentlemen of the Chorus. For Twenty-Eight Per. And in one Season on the Road. His score was Two Blonds. Three Brunettes and a Neutral Shade. Here he reveled in Female Society. And Perfumery. And Permanent Waves. And holding Hands in the Dark Scenes. And each night saw him with his Pie Clutcher about a different Waist. Once he grew careless. And encircled the Stage Manager's Wife. By Mistake. Much to the annoyance of his carefully-Waxed Mustache. And Floating Ribs. And the Next Pay-Day he was horrified. To note a Pink Slip in his Envelope.

About this Time. Dad passed out of the Picture. And left Son a Cold Million. And a lot of Advice. But Raven Locks traveled in a Cloud of Smoke. And Gasoline Fumes. Up the gay White Way. And bought homes in four Different Parts of the Island. And one in Allentown.

When he was forty. He wore Golf Socks. And looked like a walking advertisement for Lydia Pinkham's Cure-All. Or Tanlac. He lost his looks, but he had Coin. And so fickle Femininity fell for him just the Same.

He never thought of forming a Permanent Attachment for any Particular Jane. He was Fickle. And should have been called Abdul Whosthis. Or Sultan Whatsthat. And Crowned with a Fez.

Monthly. He had a Law Suit for Breach of Promise. Which his Lawyer usually managed to Settle. To the Satisfaction of Everyone. Including the Society Reporter.

However. He finally Fell. For a Broadway Belle. With a Baby Face. And Rouge Smile. And he thought. He was in Love. Up to the Time. When he cashed the Paltry Check. Of a few thousand cold Simoleons for her.

He never recovered from that Blow. So he became Desperate. And gave all of his Accumulated Rubles. To the Amalgamated Society of Street Cleaners. And fled to the Country.

Finally. He applied for a job as Gardener. At an Old Ladies' Home. But was turned down. Because his Press Agent had talked Too Much.

Moral: Take Heed, Ye Rivals of Wallie Reed, lest you too employ the Powder Puff rather than the Slide-Rule to excess.

A winsome maid
With a pair of eyes
Just made to love and smile.
Two traps well laid
For the lad unwise
Whose fancy you'd beguile.

Your dancing, dear,
Has the Persian grace,
The East is in your glance;
Your voice so clear
Has a Southern trace;
Your eyes the fire of France.

Your eyes, your face,
And your hair of gold,
Your perfect lips invite.
'Twere no disgrace,
Did my arms enfold—
Of that, though, I'll not write.

SORT OF TOUGH

He seized her in the dark and kissed her,
For a moment bliss was his.
"Oh," he said, "I thought it was my sister."
She laughed and said, "It is."

There was a lad
* * *
Who came to the "U",
* * *
He was a highbrow
* * *
Who studied all the time,
* * *
And never tried to make friends
* * *
With man or woman.
* * *
'Til one day a prof
* * *
Asked him a question,
* * *
And he answered, "I don't know, sir."
* * *
Everybody was surprised,
* * *
And they put a detective on the case.
* * *
He discovered that this student
* * *
Had gone to the dance
* * *
And met one of them there girls.
* * *
And now he isn't a highbrow,
* * *
But he has lots of friends.
* * *
I THANK YOU.

(With apologies to K. C. B.)

HIS BEST PROOF

Will: "Been to church this morning, Bill?"
Bill: "Why, do my clothes look as if they've been slept in?"

Pretty Thing (*to football try-out*): "In what position do you play?"
He (*blushing*): "Bent over."—*Gargoyle.*

Salmagundi—

"A box where sweets compacted lie"
to tempt the taste, intrigue the eye

Visualize this newest member of Whitman's Quality Group, a gift-box of metal, with mosaic design by Mucha. Imagine the hinged lid swinging back, releasing the aroma of this new assortment of Whitman's, a promise of the treat to come:

Majestic, Plum Pudding, Mint Rings, Pecan Cluster, Filbert Cluster, Brazil, Marshmallow Fudge, Nougat, Molasses Chewing, Pecan Marshmallow, Solid Tablet, Marshmallow Square, Almonds, Flat Cream Mints, St. Nicholas, Marshmallow Apricot, Molasses Chips, Pecan Caramel, Milk Chocolate Blossoms, Solid Chocolate Butterfly, Molasses Blocks, Marshmallow Mints, Messenger Boy. Surely "a feast of nectared sweets where no crude surfeit reigns."

Salmagundi Chocolates, in their sought-for art metal box, are sold by that selected store near you displaying the sign

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Non Compos Mentis

Flap: "What's that funny noise?"

Sap: "Engine's missing."

Flap: "I'll wait here while you run back."—*Lyre.*

Football Recruit: "I'm a little stiff from bowling."

Coach: "I don't care where you're from. Get on your duds and go to work."—*Judge.*

"When I marry, I'm going to marry a girl who can take a joke."

"Don't worry, little boy, it's the only kind you'll get."—*The Beanpot.*

Then Who Was It?

"If I had known that tunnel was so long, I would have kissed you."

"Good heavens, wasn't that you."—*Voo Doo.*

"Gosh, Mamma, ain't that train running like hell?"

"Bobby, how many times have I told you about using that awful word 'ain't'?"—*Yellow Jacket.*

Prof.: "Aren't you Mr. Smith?"

Stude: "No, sir, I'm Mr. Smith's twin brother."

Prof.: "Ah, I see; what name please?"—*Juggler.*

1st Barber: "Why were you so late?"

2nd Barber: "I was shaving myself and couldn't get away until I'd talked myself into a haircut and a shampoo."—*Royal Gaboon.*

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Main and Broad Sts., Bethlehem, Pa.
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Bell 'Phone 2521-R
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I Ask You, Did You Ever?

Did you ever see a girl whose eyes were brighter than sapphires, whose hair was finer than silk, and with the advertisement, a skin you love to touch, whose form made Venus look like a washerwoman, who thrilled every nerve in your body and gave your heart St. Vitus dance, and after much indecision you tightened your tie and asked her in a husky voice to dance. And she replied with a crack of her quid, "I ain't dancin' this here one, on account o' me corns."

Did you ever?—*Banter.*

An Old Tintype

Squire: "Did you send for me, my lord?"

Launcelot: "Yes, make haste, bring me the can-opener; I've got a flea in my knight clothes."—*Ski-u-mah.*

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The Aftermath

"When I looked out of the window, Johnny, I was glad to see you playing marbles with Billy Simpkins."

"We wuzzn't playing marbles, ma. We just had a fight, and I was helping him pick up his teeth."—*Judge.*

"A motor truck smashed the baby carriage to smithereens, mum."

"Horrors! Was the baby hurt?"

"You're mighty lucky, mum. He was kidnapped only five minutes before."—*Life.*

Mr. White: "Mose, what would you do if you received a letter from the Ku Klux Klan?"

Mr. Black: "Well, sah, I'd read it on a train."—*Tiger.*

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Try our 50c luncheon from 11:30 A. M. to 2 P. M. and come back with two or three friends.

We Guarantee Satisfaction

A Well-Balanced Sentence

"Column right," said the book-keeper as he saw that the books balanced to the penny.—*Sun Dial.*

Willie: "I wish I had a million."

Tillie: "If you don't stop scratching, I'll believe you have."—*Octopus.*

Table Master: "Freshman Blimp, will you ask the blessing?"

F. B. (*looking at the food display*): "Sorry, sir, but I cannot conscientiously do so."—*Mugwump.*

At the Concert

"Samantha, what's thet chune the orchestry's a-playin' now?"

"The program says it's Choppin, Hiram."

"Well—mebbe—but ter me it sounds a deal more like sawin'."—*Chaparral.*

Butcher: "Do you want this meat for a stew?"

Boocher: "No, I want it for my wife."—*Mink.*

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Bricker's GOLDEN FLAKE BREAD

Bethlehem Baking Co.

535 AVENUE C
BETHLEHEM, PA.

Diana: "Who's that 'stremely young girl Conrad is with all the time?"

Guy: "Oh, that child! Dunno. He's quite a cradle-snatcher, what?"

Diana: "Cradle-snatcher? He's a rattle-snake!"—*Goblin.*

Don't Take Stock In This

Ollie: "That girl of yours looks like a Texas oil field."

Oskie: "Ah, you mean like a million dollars?"

Ollie: "Naw, like a wild-cat speculation."—*Orange Owl.*

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Aghast, he looked at his hand. In his palm lay a nickel.—*Columbia Jester.*

"I dropped an egg, what shall I do?"

"For heaven's sake, cackle!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"Hello."

"Hello, this Mary?"

"Yes."

"Do you still love me?"

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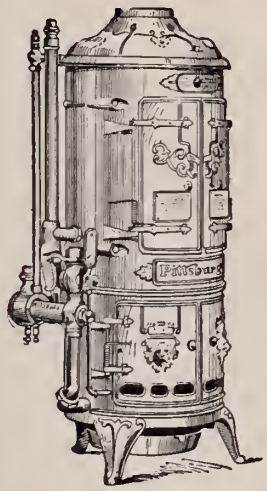

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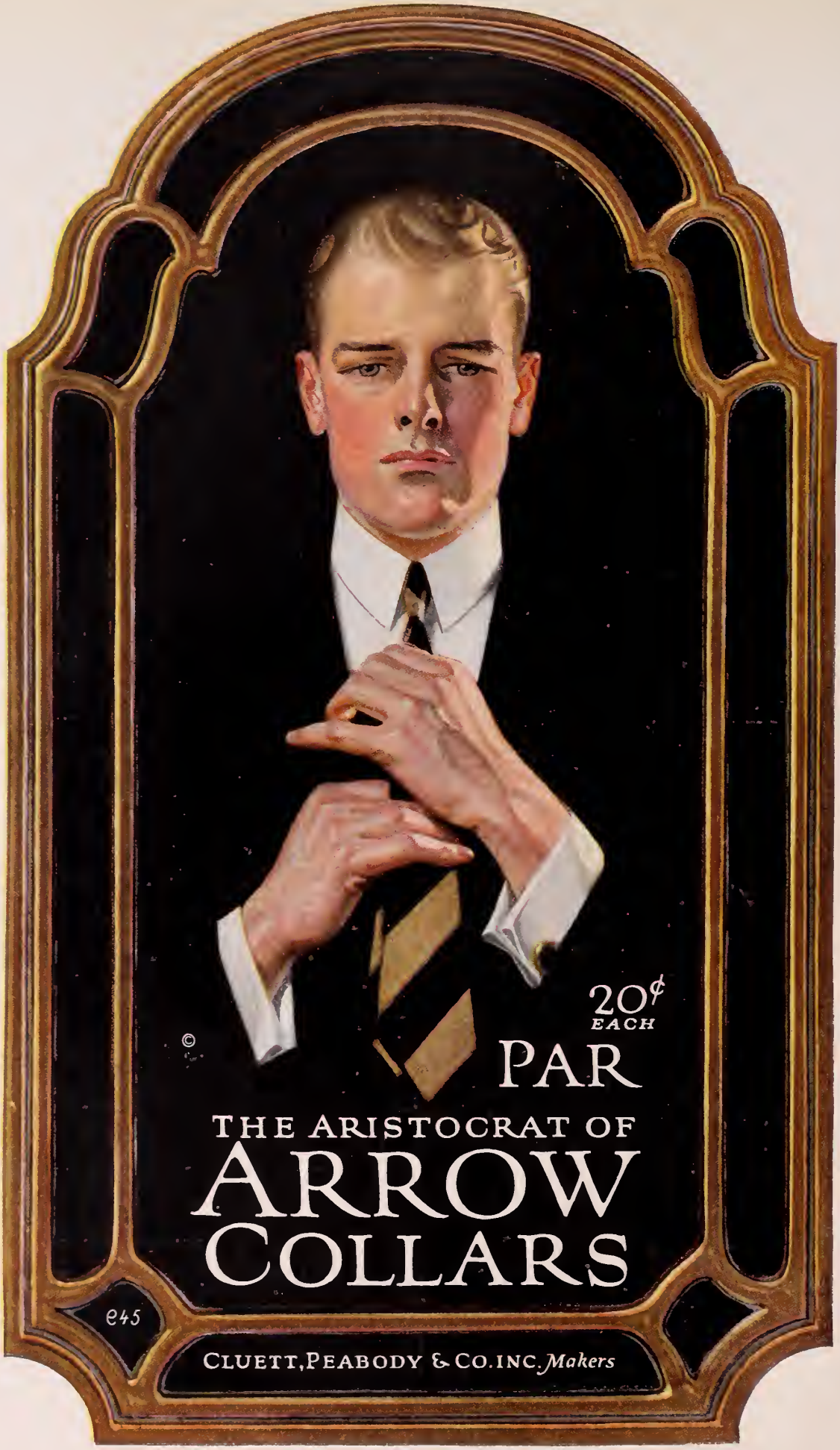
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